A Kiss with a Fist

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A Kiss with a Fist

by Perpetual Motion (perpetfic)

Summary

From the prompt: What if Buck fought the RAF guy after he said Bucky was "handsy."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Handsy .

The moment the RAF man says it, Buck knows a fight is on the horizon. Usually, he tries to talk down Curt and Bucky. But the way this RAF man is looking at him. The way he's been poking and prodding them about their daytime missions. Part of Buck sees its insecurity. These boys have been holding onto their country by their fucking fingernails, and Buck is sympathetic to what feels like fear; fear they haven't done their work good enough on their own.

Buck reads people, and these pilots are tired and drunk and a little pissed off because they wanted to do the jobs themselves. He can sympathize. He really can.

But it's one thing to tease about how Bucky touches. It's another to imply that it's wrong somehow. Bucky's touch is one of the few things that brings Buck a little quiet in this fucking war, and he won't have it insulted.

So, there's going to be a fight.

Buck's father taught him to fight. Not in a bonding way, but in the way a man teaches a boy to fight because the man is a degenerate gambler and the boy may be taken for collateral. Buck delivered his first knock-out punch at age 10. He was thin as a rail, arms bruised from being grabbed by a loan shark's underling, and terrified he would be murdered. He was also certain this would all happen again because it had happened before.

If he can help it, Buck doesn't fight. He knows too much about how to really hurt someone, and he doesn't want to take any chances. Curt and Bucky, they fight like boys who like to tussle. Who grew up wrestling around with other boys their size. Who went home at night and went to bed and didn't worry that their fathers were going to stumble in drunk, raging and blaming them for costing him money he could use to win big.

Buck punched out his father at thirteen. It didn't gain him the man's respect. It didn't make Buck feel any better. But for a little while, it was quiet.

This fight, now, the one they're all tumbling out of the bar to have, it's not about getting a little quiet. It's not about saving his skin. It's a fight he should hand to Curt or Bucky and let run the course these fights always do. A punch or two, some shit-talking, and then it's all

fine again.

But the way the pilot had said it rattles in his head. *Handsy* . Like it's silly or stupid or wrong.

"I'm taking this one," Buck says to Bucky and Curt as they argue over who's going to fight. They both still and stare at him.

"You don't fight," Curt says.

"Buck?" Bucky asks, his inflection doing the work of asking if Buck's okay.

"I don't *usually* fight," Buck says to Curt. "But I'm taking this one."

"Hey," Bucky says. He touches Buck's arm, same as he always does. Casual as anything.

How dare those men mock that touch.

Buck gives Bucky a sharp grin. "I love boxing," he says. "Two men facing off in a one-on-one challenge."

Bucky's eyes go bright with amusement. He skims his fist against Buck's jawline in the softest imitation of a punch. "So, you *do* like sports," he says.

Buck chuckles. "I like boxing," he says.

There's a shout from behind them, the RAF boys want to know if they're gonna do this or not.

"Gimme your jacket," Curt says, holding out his hands. "You're gonna move better if you don't have it."

Buck strips it off and hands it over. He squeezes Curt's shoulder, then turns and cups Bucky's face for a moment. Bucky's whole face shifts. He knows why Buck's doing this. Knows why he's chosen to fight.

"My honor can take another ding, I promise," Bucky mutters.

Buck grins and slaps him lightly on the cheek. A love tap. A little affection. A connection. "Place your bets, boys," he says and steps over to show these British boys how it's done.

It's over in less than a minute. The other pilot's got good form, but he's never fought for anything more than some momentary pride. Buck lets

him jab at him twice, then pops him in the jaw hard enough he drops to the ground.

Bucky and Curt whoop, and then Buck's feet are off the ground, Bucky's arms wrapped around him as he holds him tight and spins in a circle.

"Got a world champion here, boys!" he shouts.

Buck holds his arms up in the classic boxer's victory pose. Curt whoops again and slaps his chest. Bucky carries Buck down the street hollering that if the boys want a rematch, they know where to find them.

Half a block down, Bucky puts Buck on his feet and grabs his face in his hands. "Hot damn, Buck. You really know your stuff."

"That was the most beautiful jab I've ever seen," Curt says. "Fucking magical."

Buck shrugs. Now that the fight is over, he feels a little silly that he felt the need to participate.

Bucky pulls Buck to him and lands a loud, smacking kiss on his forehead. "Curt, this man has defended our honor. Let's get him a piece of white bread and a glass of water."

Curt cackles and leads the way down the street. Bucky cups the back of Buck's neck and presses their foreheads together.

"Some mouthy idiot in a bar is never gonna stop me touching you," he says, as serious as he was light-hearted a moment ago.

Buck licks the corner of his mouth and reaches up to hold Bucky's arm. "He was insulting you," he says. "That's my job."

Bucky chuckles, and he steals a kiss, his thumb ruffling the hair at Buck's nape as he does so. "Yeah," he says. "Yeah, it is."

End Notes

Thank you to Mel, my beta! Leave her some love, people! She does great work!

Also, this prompt was very fun because I am firmly on the "buck is fucking feral, bucky is a housecat" side of things.

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